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Steampunk Cat

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Chapter 1 by Andrew Hartmann

In a world of chaos and hatred, there is a place in the clouds. Yes, the clouds. A flying city that no one knows where its exact location is. The city once prospered like any other would, but it hit a hard wall when the war started. Nowadays, the streets reek of crime and death. The city of the sky was in a horrible state, and one cat realized that. With the help of steampunk enhancements, Oscar the cat will change the city forever.

Chapter 2 by Phantim

Oscar was a smarter than average cat. His owner had been a genius, and I suppose that rubbed off on him a bit. His owners genetic modification and robotic accessories helped too... of course. Still, Oscar thought of himself as your average, everyday house cat. He had never done anything heroic, or miraculous. He just lay around all day keeping his owner happy as he tinkered with his many gadgets and gizmos. Until the day they showed up...

Chapter 3 by Bashdorf

They were evil. Oscar could sense it. When they walked in, he felt the chills go down his spine and the air get a notch colder. He leaped up the stairs and saw his owner in his "Creativity Room". The door was left open by a crack and Oscar harbored it aside with his soft face. His master turned around and leaned down to pat Oscar's head warmly and lovingly and he was never happier in his life.

"Come on down!" A voice screamed from below, Oscar knew something was horribly wrong. They began the descent down the creaky wooden front door, Oscar's master hunched and carrying Oscar in his big strong arms, they shook rapidly. Too close to home. They were getting too close to home.

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Oscar immediately understood and meowed in response. He rushed downstairs and the strange, evil, men found him.

"What the....." One of the men said. "What the hell is a cat doing here?"

Chapter 4 by Rose Winchester

The attackers had no time to say anything else as Oscar leaped at the men. Viciously clawing and scratching and biting, he bought his master time. One of the men pulled Oscar off his companion and flung him against the wall.

Oscar shook off the pain and went to fight again. Little did he know that the smallest of the men had stealthily crawled behind him and made a run for the door to the creativity room.

Oscar yowled and streaked across the room. As soon as the man touched the doorknob, Oscar reached him and bit down into his leg.

"OW! Stupid cat!" He screeched. He bent down to pick up Oscar.

That was exactly what Oscar wanted he darted to one side and the man fell face first into the floor. As the others stopped to pick up their friend Oscar darted into the creativity room.

"Wheres that blasted cat!" The man Oscar had bitten yelled furiously.

Oscar ran to his master and was picked up as his master jumped out the window.

"I have you know!" The attacker laughed.

Oscar yowled after his master, but he was long gone. To where Oscar had no idea...

Chapter 5 by Bashdorf

How could this happen? Thoughts streamed through Oscar's head while he meowed pitifully. Did his master leave him on purpose? Was this all an elaborate plan? Will his master come back to him?

That's when Oscar jumped. He wouldn't be left alone with the bad men! He would go help his master and they would do all sorts of things together!

"That stupid cat!" One of the bad men yelled.

Oscar raced through the streets in search of his beloved master: Jeffrey Lincoln.

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enters their territory.

But this time Oscar had no choice. It was night, and raining, which meant some of the city's more sketchy inhabitants would be out looking for a good servant. A cat with steampunk enhancements would definitely catch their eye. Oscar had to take refuge in the alleys.

He eventually found a dry spot in between a trash can and the wall of a building, and curled up on the cobblestones.
Why did he leave me? He wouldn't forget me, right? Oscar thought miserably as he drifted off to a restless sleep.

Chapter 7 by Astrid

Oscar awoke too soon. Something was wrong. What had woken him up? Suddenly, it was right in front of him. An alley cat. It screeched at him, clearly unhappy. All Oscar could think was "Run." He skidded around the corner out of the alley. His brain was racing, trying to think of a way out of this logically. glancing over his shoulder, he tried in vain to spot the alley cat, but it was far too dark. As he was trying to look for his persuader, he ran into a pair of legs. A pair of rough hands grabbed him. "Look boss!" a rough voice said. "I got that cat!"

Chapter 8 by Pentavalence

It was the evil men, the ones who had left with his master. i/ Well, at least they didn't forget me... Oscar thought. /i

To his surprise, a female voice answered the first. "Well, put him in the bag, you uncultured moron. Do I have to explain everything to you?"

Oscar was shoved roughly into a canvas sack, then thrown unceremoniously into a car that smelled of heat and human misery. This wasn't the first prisoner, and it probably wouldn't be the last. Unless Oscar could stop them...

A screeching horn jolted him out of his thoughts.

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The female sighed. "And now you've alerted them..of course. What could I expect? Let me handle this."

Oscar heard the sound of the car door slamming. How could she just step out into four lanes of highway traffic? Another unfamiliar sound came to him. Footsteps...on the roof?

These were dangerous humans indeed.

the end

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